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## Full Moon Northwest Sky (for Paul)

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The last three mornings  
the moon has lingered  
                    in the western sky,  
circular,  
icy,  
though the mornings have been warm,  
resting,  
changing from yellows and blues  
                    to reds and whites.

Nothing  
really lingers in the sky,  
constellations spiraling  
for eons,  
                    the moon in its regular orbit.

Nature, ourselves  
live in whirls,  
from cell  
                    to whale,  
                    stone to teardrop.

This moment,  
suspended  
by the full moon's passing,  
all the stories our body tells,  
born from cycles,  
                    that we are.

**David Taylor**